

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
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FIVE CENTS

This Issue in Miniature

NEWS OF THE TOWN: City Council ponders weighty matters; La Playa addition rising; an official census report for Carmel; waterworks changes hands; high school bond issue to be voted upon; news items from here and there about the town; *page two.*

SOCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL: News of the churches, schools and Franck's "Ave Maria;" *page three.*

ART AND ARTISTS: Stanley Wood wins Anne Bremer Memorial first prize at San Francisco exhibition—*page seven;* William Johnstone portrait; *page five.*

PLAN OR PAY: Lincoln Steffens reviews man's inaptitude to plan, his willingness to pay; announces that Monterey is dry—very, very dry; *page nine.*

DETAILED TALE: William Johnstone, Carmel painter and sculptor, writes a rollicking one-act play about "pintings," spots and "strowkes" particularly "strowkes." *Page eleven.*

THREE-IN-ONE: How three stranded actors get away with murder—Frank Sheridan playing the man accused of the murder, the man committing it, and the victim. A "strand" in the bleak Berkshires—one of the actor's best; *page twelve.*

LIGHT FROM THE LAMP-POST: An eclipse comes and goes; an Englishman's idea of background, refinement and breeding; description of the Montecito "jungle," a heaven on earth for outcasts; fair play at a fox-hunt; Jack Black—his loyalty; *page eight.*

YOUTH SAYS ITS SAY: Poetry, scouts, baseball, an editorial and several miracles—in other words, The Carmelite Junior; *page fifteen.*



**VOICE
OF THE
TRIBES**

**A STUDY OF TONY LUHAN:
CUT IN LINOLEUM BY LANE WOOD**

Carmel News

COUNCIL MEETING

*Summary of proceedings, regular meet-
of the City Council, Wednesday evening.*

Building Permits: Request for permit to locate a garage otherwise than specified by ordinances on Lot 18, Block 52, Lincoln street, was referred to Mr. Fraser for checking—to be reported on at next meeting. No protests received concerning resolution to allow Claribel Haydock permit to construct commercial garage at Sixth and Junipero; in absence of City Attorney, action postponed.

Land offered City: Communication from Mrs. Maude I. Hogle stated that "in the hope of seeing Block 69 improved as a park and a playground" she offered Lots 2, 3, 4, and 5 in Block 88, intersection of Ocean and Junipero "as a possible site for a City Hall" for nine thousand dollars, on terms favorable to the city; offer, limited to July fifteenth, placed on file for consideration.

Library Board: Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff appointed to succeed Miss Clara N. Kellogg on library board.

Murphy petition: Petition for removal of machinery belonging to M. J. Murphy, Inc. from Ninth and Monte Verde to San Carlos and Mission, returned from the advisory board with recommendation that request be granted. Council moved that legality of proceedings be referred to City Attorney for report. W. L. Overstreet, resident in the neighborhood of San Carlos and Mission, voiced objection on the grounds that "it would be a nuisance, a traffic menace, a fire menace making for higher insurance rates in the business district, and otherwise objectionable." B. W. Adams, chairman of fire prevention, stated that: "Such a project in the business district would be a serious fire menace." Matter rested.

Re-zoning: City Clerk reported that petition asking removal of rebuilding restrictions on Hotel La Playa had been found correct. Letter from City Attorney Campbell read, objecting to formation of an ordinary business zone of the property, and advising that the board create a "hotel zone." Moved that Mr. Campbell be asked to prepare papers to facilitate creation of such a zone.

Audit: Report of Clayton, Stark & Clayton on audit covering past four years received. Due to length, the report was not publicly read; the statement was made that, save for petty details, the accounts for the past four years were in order.

Re-assessment: Letter from the Assess-

ment Committee stated that the body had endeavored to fix fair relative values in a revaluation of all Carmel real estate. A painstaking map, the work of Peter Mawdsley, contains all figures, and was given the Council to be displayed publicly for reference. High points of the reassessment are tremendous rises in value of business property, in some cases ten to one; residence property remaining nearly the same as before; a total valuation for all Carmel real estate of slightly over five million dollars.

Fire Bonds: Ordinance in connection with issuance of \$15,000 in bonds for new fire equipment given first reading.

Advisory Board: Miss Catherine Morgan elected in open meeting to fill vacancy on advisory board created by resignation of Herbert Heron.

Question of trees: Oaks at Fourth and Monte Verde subject of lengthy discussion of lengthy discussion as to danger to motorists. Residents in neighborhood pleaded pro and con. Council to see for itself next Monday at five o'clock.

Adjournment: Meeting adjourned to next Wednesday, May fourteenth, at seven-thirty.

SPECIAL SESSION

As provided by the zoning ordinance, the Council met on Monday afternoon and granted a temporary permit for a fifteen-room addition to Hotel La Playa. Construction work has started.

SALE OF THE WATERWORKS

For a price not yet made public, the Monterey County Water Works, hitherto under indirect control of Del Monte Properties Company, was sold last week to Loveland Brothers, a San Francisco engineering firm, rumored to be acting on behalf of a western utilities combine. Due to presence in this territory before incorporation of the city, the waterworks company has not had to operate under a franchise from the city. An effort was begun in 1927 and continued through last year by a committee from the Pacific Grove, Monterey and Carmel councils, to acquire the holdings of the company for the three cities.

THE CENSUS

The official announcement from the office of the supervisor of the census, San Jose, confirms The Carmelite report of last week—except in this particular:

"There were one (1) farms enumerated in this area at the Fifteenth Census." Our advance scouts got the 2,248 residents, as of April first, 1930; we delved into the records of the past and discovered that Carmel had exactly 638 registerable citizens on January first, 1920—but the one (1) "farms" was a shock and surprise to us.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

Mrs. Hester Hall Schoeninger assumed office as a member of the high school Board of Trustees last Saturday. June third has been fixed as the date for the election to pass on a \$225,000 bond issue for high school improvements.

Property owners of Carmel Woods, Hatton Fields and the Highlands are taking steps to establish a fire protection district.

After three month's trial, the Library Board has decided to discontinue keep-the library open on Sunday afternoons.

The case involving title to The Carmelite is on the calendar of the Superior Court at Salinas for hearing next Thursday. Eugene A. H. Watson, plaintiff in the action, left Carmel on Monday for a reported absence of five weeks.

Group-reading of Molnar's comedy, "The Swan," was presented by Mrs. Clara French Kennedy at the meeting of the Drama Guild, in the Arts and Crafts Hall, Tuesday evening.

R. M. Schindler, who was to have lectured at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday, has been summoned to New York by Wanamaker's to design an interior. He left Monday by the air route. A later date for the lecture will be announced.

On Wednesday evening, May fourteenth at eight o'clock, in the Sunset School Auditorium, members of the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association will hold their last meeting of the school year. The meeting has been planned so as to present a well rounded program featuring all parts of the educational work being carried on in Carmel.

Furthering its policy of first-aid instruction, the Red Cross will hold a life-saving contest in Carmel from the twenty-sixth to the thirty-first of May. Further particulars will be released next week.

LOST: on North Monte Verde Street, brown leather handbag containing purse, check-book, cigarette lighter and case. Keep money and return contents to P. O. Box 1111 or Carmel Land Company.

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EDUCATION WEEK AT SUNSET SCHOOL

Next week, from May twelfth to sixteenth, is set aside especially for the observation of Education Week. Plans have been made whereby visitors may observe work already accomplished throughout the year.

Each day has been allotted to certain subjects or grades. On Monday, special subjects such as music, physical education, shop, and art work will be exhibited. Tuesday is visiting day for the primary grades, Wednesday for the seventh and eighth grades, Thursday for the fifth and sixth grades and Friday for the entire school.

On Friday afternoon a Peace Pageant will be presented. All classes of the school will be represented in this pageant, showing in which way the work of the particular class contributes toward the development of world peace. The public is invited to attend the pageant as well as other education week activities.

MAY FESTIVAL AT SCHOOL DRAWS MERRY CROWD

Children, teachers and parents joined in creating the most elaborate May Day celebration yet presented at Sunset School—the Olde English May Festival given by the children last Friday afternoon at the school grounds.

Seating arrangements were planned for four hundred people—over six hundred spectators were present. All joined in the carnival gaiety of an Elizabethan pageant. Colorful costumes, games and the singing of old ballads—laid in the time of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest—made for a vivid, merry time.

* * *

Professor Preston W. Search was the speaker for the Kiwanis Club at Gilroy, Wednesday of this week: "Personal Reminiscences of Our Great Presidents." This is his seventh address within two weeks.

* * *

Among those who came down from the bay region to hear "Jonny Spielt Auf" were Anna Cora Winchell, critic, San Francisco, the William Bissel party, Alice Seckles, San Francisco, Mrs. Cross, Oakland, Elizabeth Hunt, Berkeley, Ann Meyers, president of Treble Cleff, University of California; Valerie Radil, J. W. city of California, Valerie Radil, J. W. Radil, Oakland, Mrs. John Teel, Oakland, Miss Boule, San Francisco, and Arnold Wiseman, San Francisco.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF WOMAN'S CLUB

The Carmel Woman's Club held its last meeting for the season, at Pine Inn on Monday, the President, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, presiding.

Chairmen of the various sections presented reports of their activities during the year, showing accomplishment in the past, and plans for next year's work.

It was decided that chairmen of sections be appointed at the last meeting of each section, so the work for the coming year could be outlined and material secured to the end that no time be lost when the various sections convene in the Fall.

Mrs. Ralph Eskil was appointed delegate to attend all City Council meetings during the summer, with power to delegate the work to a substitute in case she is not able to attend in person.

Attention was called to the State Federation Convention to be held May fourteenth and eighteenth, in Oakland. Members planning to attend are requested to communicate with Mrs. Schoeninger and secure credentials.

The Committee on Constitution made its report, and it was decided to have a sufficient number mimeographed or printed so each member may have a copy.

The Treasurer's Report was next presented, and accepted.

Chairmen of sections and standing committees' reports indicated that the four outstanding activities of the club were, the planting of the trees by the Garden Section; organization of a choral group in Carmel; the work done for the detention home; and initiating a movement for organization of a County Welfare Board.

The Nomination Committee presenting its report, and there being no nominations from the floor, the following were

elected:—

President, Mrs. Ralph Eskil,
First Vice President, Mrs. E. L. Taylor
Second Vice President,

Mrs. Carl Rendtorff
Third Vice President,

Mrs. Rose DeYoe
Recording Secretary,

Miss Laura M. Eagan
Director at Large,

Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger

After a very interesting and characteristic talk from the President giving a brief resume of the past year's work, the meeting adjourned.

HIGH SCHOOL P.-T. A.

The Smith-Hughes plan for vocational education will be the subject discussed at the final meeting of the Parent-Teacher's Association of the Monterey Union High School, at eight o'clock this evening.

Mr. Frisbee, chairman of the Educational Committee, will be the speaker of the evening. Various modes of vocational education will be discussed. Educating the modern child to take a place in the business world is becoming an even more important issue than any other in our present school systems; it is hoped that parents will avail themselves of the opportunity to learn what is now being attempted in this line.

AT ALL SAINTS

The Choral Society of the Carmel Woman's Club will give Caesar Franck's "Ave Marie" at All Saints Church next Sunday as a special feature of the Mother's Day services.

Reverend Austin B. Chinn will deliver the sermon.

On Tuesday at two-thirty there will be a very important meeting of the Woman's Guild at Parish Hall to plan for a card party to be given on May twentieth.

MERLE'S TREASURE CHEST

IVORIES

AMBER

JADE



BRONZES

PORCELAIN

POTTERY

Pearls and Beads Re-strung by Our Own Expert on the Premises

NEXT TO BANK

OCEAN AVENUE

CARMEL

DINE AT ...

**PINE
INN.****TABLE D'HOTE
6:30 TO 7:30
\$1.25**

AND ..

DINE WELLSENIOR PLAY
"WHO WOULDN'T
BE CRAZY"MONTEREY UNION
UNION HIGH
AUDITORIUMMAY 8 and 10
8 O'CLOCKADMISSION 35, 50
AND 75 CENTS**JACK BLACK TO SPEAK
IN CARMEL**

"I am classified as an habitual criminal. The habitual criminal is a person who habitually retains stupid lawyers. Now I am sixty years old. The first fifteen years of my life I was a pretty decent sort of a kid, for the last fifteen years I have been a pretty decent sort of a citizen. The thirty in between have been spent in the underworld, half of it in prison and half of it outside. So that you will know I have been in pretty close touch with the scaffold and the prison."

This is Jack Black, speaking before the Joint Legislative Committee of the New York Senate and Assembly considering the abolition of capital punishment—with Mr. Baumes, author of the Baumes' Law for life imprisonment for fourth offenders, in the chair. To them Black said, "I want to thank you gentlemen for this distinction. I doubt if an ex-prisoner has ever been so honored, much less a fourth-timer. . . . I want you to know that I am a fourth offender, so that you may know where that information comes from. . . ."

After the hearing Mr. Baumes congratulated Black. He had been moved to think.

It was an accident that Jack Black, as a boy, was brought in touch with the underworld; through a misunderstand-

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ing that he was thrown into jail when he was a harmless boy collecting a milk-bill. He was forgotten by all but his fellow prisoners, and in those weeks he learned the affection, loyalty and attachment under-dogs have for one another. From that time on Jack Black's best qualities were engaged in helping his new friends, and for half his life time he stayed on the underworld side. He has never gone back on his friends—in fact their appeals to him now when they are fugitives from justice often put him into a difficult hole, since he is living now on society's side. When his autobiography, "You Can't Win," came out, burglars from all over the country wrote him, that they would beg or steal copies. Many said they would give up too in time. Black can talk squarely, without hypocrisy, without false sentiment about criminals, because he understands them.

Quite apart from his lurid history, Jack Black is a personality. It is a revelation of tolerance and understanding to see him and hear him speak, knowing what he has gone through.

His talk at the Denny-Watrous Gallery next Sunday night, on "Criminals and How They Get That Way," will be one of the most worthwhile talks Carmel has yet had. Lincoln Steffens will introduce the speaker. E. W.

**DENNY
WATROUS****GALLERY**

DOLORES STREET OPPOSITE POST OFFICE CARMEL

**SUN. MAY 10
AT 8:30 \$1****JACK BLACK****SPEAKING ON "CRIMINALS AND HOW THEY GET THAT WAY"****SAT. MAY 17—ROBERT POLLAK, VIOLINIST
SAT. MAY 31—LAJOS SHUK, 'CELLIST**EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY CREATIVE
ARCHITECTURE OF CALIFORNIA NOW ON
PRIVATE COLLECTION OF INDIAN JEWELRY FOR SALE
WALDVOGEL EMBROIDERIES FOR SALE

OPEN 10 TO 5

THE**CARMEL ART GALLERY**

EXHIBITIONS OF THE PAINTINGS OF LOCAL ARTISTS

IN THE COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

OPERATIC JAZZ

"Jonny Spielt Auf," presented as an operalogue at the Denny-Watrous Gallery Saturday evening, was an unqualified success, due in large measure to the musicianship and intelligent handling and presentation of Rudolphine Radil, directing soprano. Only one who sensed the subtle, deeper meaning of the Slav could have held the eleven scenes together with suspense and dramatic crescendo.

Rudolphine Radil's scholarship, her sensitiveness to the significance of music and theme, combined with her beautiful voice trained to the most exacting demands of modern opera qualify her to give a most unusual presentation of "tabloid opera." Beyond her musical attainments is her rare gift—a perfect pitch and musical sensibility combined with her at all times adequate voice which enable her to sing the difficult, unexpected intervals of dissonant music. Supported by John Teel as the rollicking "Jonny," and Margaret Tilly at the keyboard, Miss Radil gave an evening of almost hilarious fun and enjoyment.

A more extended critique by Anna Cora Winchell, formerly of the "Chronicle" staff, will be found on page ten of this issue.

**"SPREADEAGLE" AT
CARMEL PLAYHOUSE**

At Carmel Playhouse this coming Saturday evening, Ben Legere, well known actor and critic, will give a dramatic reading of the widely discussed play, "Spreadeagle." The play had a sensational run in New York a few years ago. At the height of its success it was suddenly withdrawn. "Politically inopportune," said the managers. "Too strong for Wall Street," said everybody else.

As far as stage production goes, the play is securely padlocked. But whoever corralled the playing rights and squelched further performances of this remarkable play overlooked the rights of public reading. The play is finding its way through Legere and others to an appreciative and chuckling public.

Specifically, "Spreadeagle" deals with war and its possible future source, in the secret executive council of a gigantic concern, buying up, as it were, a revolution in Mexico. Having first acquired enormous concessions in that unhappy country, the unscrupulous corporation heads succeed in tricking the Washington government into an intervention, followed by a declaration of war and an hysterical mobilization. The mining interests of Wall Street war lords being thus officially protected they are elevated to memberships on various committees concerned with National "Defense," and in the end "Spreadeagle" achieves the climax of blistering irony in the public sainthood and worship of an ineffable traitor.

There is plenty of humor in the play, which is as entertaining as it is pungent, according to the New York reviews at the time of its production. Says John Anderson, "... It is not, I think wholly pacifist. Out of its own vigor comes the implication that war is foolish, stupid, wasteful and inept, but may be honestly come by and honestly fought. Somewhere in its hot scorn and blasting anger there seems to be a remote concession, a sort of vague salute to the thing which gallant or ridiculous, but anyway tragical, makes men fight. It is as if the play is large enough to see this lurking danger, this somewhat magnificent weakness, and to ask people to protect themselves from it—even at the superhuman risk of Peace."

Ben Legere has received high praise in San Francisco and Los Angeles for his masterly rendering of this extraordinarily interesting play. He is best known in Carmel for his productions of Herman Bahr's "The Master" and Ibsen's "Ghosts," at the Golden Bough a few years ago, as well as for his excellent reading of "They Knew What They

Wanted," a year or so before that play was produced locally.

After "Spreadeagle," Carmel Playhouse will remain dark until May thirtieth, when the Travers Repertory Players, the newly re-organized Players Club of San Francisco, will present the first plays of the season, Pinero's "The Amazons," May thirtieth, and Molnar's "The Affairs of Anatol," May thirty-first and June first, two well known comedies never previously played in Carmel. Reservation of seats are already being made.

**ROBERT POLLAK, VIOLINIST,
AT GALLERY**

Among the guests of the Sinclair Lewises when they were here was Robert Pollak, eminent Viennese violinist, who for the last few years has been head of the violin department in the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Mr. Pollak is to play in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday evening, May seventeenth, playing the same program given in San Francisco during March.

The following excerpts from foreign press show the distinguished character of Mr. Pollak's playing.

"The recital by Robert Pollak stands out as something above all the others."

"Musical News and Herald," London.

"Revealed beauties and graces that hardly another violinist had discovered before."—"Musical Times," London.

"The complete master of his instrument. A musician of great artistic culture"—"Kurrier," Moscow.

"Robert Pollak, lately emerged from long years of Russian captivity, has become a violinist of the very first order—his tone is of that strange sweetness

which seems to make one's heart expand.—He is a violinist who well deserves to be mentioned side by side with Kreisler."—"Bayrischer Kurier," Munchen.

"Extraordinary delicacy, magnificent technique, impetuous spirit."—"Novosti," Moscow.

"Technical difficulties are non-existent for him, he simply toys with them, making them subordinate to the higher aims of an exalted musical expression and superb artistic construction. At the same time his tones are of a quite peculiar charm and of that silver purity that wakes echoes in the soul. Ysaye and Thibaud used to entrance us with similar tones, but there is more virility in Pollak than in either the genial Flemming or the elegant Frenchman."—"Munchen-Augsburger Abendzeitung."

JOHNSTONE PAINTING

Mr. William Johnstone has just completed a three-quarter length portrait of Mrs. Ray Woodward. The painting, which has been carried out in a very original manner, is strong in color. The design of the figure in relation to the background is most unusual.

Since Mr. Johnstone has been in California, he has painted several portraits including one of Fremont Older. He is also one of the youngest artists in England to have painted a portrait of a member of the British Cabinet.

JOHONNOT IN SAN FRANCISCO

A joint exhibition of paintings and textiles by Salome L. Johonnot, designer and maker of hand-woven textiles, and Ralph Helm Johonnot, noted authority on design and color relation, is on display at the Paul Elder Gallery, San Francisco.

CARMEL PLAYHOUSE
NEXT SATURDAY
NIGHT: MAY 10
AT 8:30

BEN LEGERE IN A DRAMATIC READING OF
"SPREADEAGLE"

THE ANTI-WAR PLAY WHICH
WALL STREET SUPPRESSED

ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR

TONY LUHAN 'TRADES' SONGS FOR HIS PEOPLE

Introduced by Jo Mora, painter, sculptor and ardent supporter of justice for the Indian tribes, Tony Luhan sang the intimate songs of his people, the Pueblo Indians, to a packed house at Carmel Playhouse last Sunday evening.

Speaking with deep feeling, Mr. Mora reviewed the exploitation and trickery by which Indian tribes have been robbed of their lands and their freedom. He told how these abuses had continued despite efforts of fair-minded persons to curtail them by legislation, and of how at last, the Indian Defense Association had been created to act as a constant guardian of Indian rights.

"Many of you have seen Tony Luhan, since his arrival here," Jo Mora said. "Some of you may have wondered *who* he was, but none of you could have doubted *what* he was.

"Tony is a full-blooded Taos Indian, and one of the best singers of the southwest tribes. He has traveled from one Indian village to another, learning songs of the different groups—trading his own for theirs. An Indian does not sell a song, or give one away—he trades it. Tonight Tony is trading these that his people may have a further chance. The proceeds go to the Indian Defense Association.

"He has told me that he can sing all night without repeating himself. If he does I am sure no one will notice a repetition."

* * *

And no one would have minded.

From the moment Tony Luhan began with songs of the Navajo tribe to the moment he ended with an Apache song, the audience—from the row of excited children in front to their equally excited elders—knew that it was receiving something finer than ordinary amusement; in fact, beyond amusement—the deeply felt, unknown singing of the tribes. Here were songs from the Kiowas, the Navajos, the Pueblos—songs of the hunt; songs of worship which brought with them close contact of the Indian with desert, sky and the mystery of creation; songs of reverence; of dignity and of joy.

Tony Luhan himself was an imposing figure, dignified and stern, but with a sternness that was penetrated by the understanding applause which shook the rafters and brought an appreciative, almost boyish, grin to his weathered face.

"Horseback Song," "Moonlight Song," and "Corn Grinding Song" brought to mind the fact that we whites do not



TONY LUHAN'S PUEBLO

Linoleum cut by ANDRE JOHNSTONE

sing about the simple, enjoyable things which might, but rarely do, enter our queerly twisted lives. We are too busy trying to make a living to realize that, after all, it is rather wonderful to be alive—to walk, to eat a meal or see a friend. We are too self-conscious to sing naturally, too hypocritical to admit that the beat of a drum, like a heart-beat or the pulse of the surf, is nearer true values than a complicated musical score.

* * *

Indians of the desert and Indians of the swamps have in common a reserve in the presence of whites. They are sometimes irrepressibly boisterous, free and gay when alone—almost never if they know that whites are watching them. Tony Luhan's singing broke through that reserve as much as possible outside a natural setting and before a white audience.

Once in the Ahlapatta (Alligator) Flats in southern Florida, a swamp country of cypress strands, sawgrass and palm islands, I was fortunate enough to see a nomad band of Seminoles crossing Big Cane Slough—when they did not see me.

They were coming in from the 'Glades on Tom Tiger-Tail Trail with otter pelts and alligator hides for the coast. First came the Indian dogs, a motley, mixed-breed pack, swimming the black slough. Next, young "bucks," dressed in colorful shirts of red, and blue, and yellow bands—nothing else—racing their horses and yelling at the top of their lungs. Six or seven boys from

four to five years old followed these—dressed in nothing at all, but riding bare-back with practiced ease. In the rear came a procession of wagons, gypsy style, light, canvas-covered affairs, carrying the fur, the squaws and infants. It was a gay procession. The Indians were laughing, joking and singing, racing their horses and making a festival of the migration—until they saw me.

The dogs sobered. The young "bucks" rode stiffly; the naked boys quit racing. Nobody continued to sing, nobody yelled. Enthusiasm was dead. The spirit of freedom and gaiety was gone. . . .

* * *

That is the gap which Tony Luhan bridged Sunday evening. And after he had finished singing, he taught the boys an Indian war-dance on the stage.

First call for volunteers produced two dozen hopeful savages and a "regular" dog. The boy's whooped and danced like Apaches going after Pueblo scalps; the dog's wolf nature got the best of him—he barked at Tony, the boys and the audience.

So if you see Donnon and Garth Jeffers, William Millis, Jo Schoeninger the younger, and sixteen or seventeen other young Carmel Apaches making "war medicine" in Carmel Woods or on the Point—don't let them know you're watching.

E. L.

THE CARMELITE SUGGESTS TO THE FOREST THEATER—

Tony Luhan . . . "The God of Gods"

FURTHER RECOGNITION FOR STANLEY WOOD

Technique used by the old masters, among them the Van Eycks, won the Anne Bremer Memorial first prize at the fifty-second annual exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association.

Stanley Wood won the prize, awarded last week, with a screen entitled "The Lotus." The work, of exquisite texture, was done in a special *tempera* process taken from a fifteenth century treatise. Since it is painted on a ground of gesso, or plaster, *tempera* work must be done on panels or walls. First the groundwork is applied, then a very careful drawing made upon it. Upon that is superimposed a painting in oil or *tempera* (white of egg), a laborious but time-defying process.

The decorative screen and panels which won the award for Stanley Wood were from start to finish products of his own painstaking craftsmanship.

Stanley Wood is best known for his water-colors; in that field his reputation is rapidly assuming national proportions. Recently he has been experimenting with etchings. A visit to his studio shows noteworthy progress in that direction. The freshness and vigor of his water-colors and oils have been transferred to the etching plates; when he is ready to show his work, it will be decidedly well worth seeing.

Lane Wood, his wife, works in crayons and woodcuts. Portraiture of strong elemental heads is of deep interest to her. Recently at the Denny-Watrous Gallery she exhibited a series of woodcuts of negroid types—remembered from the Carolinas—as vigorous, authentic a display as has appeared in Carmel. Without recourse to other models than existed in her memory, she caught types that rang true—more than literal portrayals, for with them was the imaginative atmosphere which attends the swamp negro, the Bahaman black, the South Carolinian "ju-ju" doctor.

At their studio in Carmel Woods she has a collection of work accomplished during the past year. In it are heads of types that one instantly recognizes, yet rarely sees so authentically depicted. Lane Wood, too, shows a free creative viewpoint. She is as interested in the medium she works in as in the subject she works upon, and has recently been experimenting with redwood blocks, the soft, splintery wood producing strangely effective results in the finished prints.

She seeks strength and closeness to the earth in her subjects—the head of Tony Luhan illustrating the front page of The Carmelite this week is a reproduction in linoleum by Lane Wood, taken from a striking photograph of the Indian.

GERTRUDE GERRISH IN MODERN DANCE RECITAL

Sharp postures, mechanized movements, characterized the modern dance recital given by Gertrude Gerrish at Carmel Playhouse last Saturday evening.

In "Gavotte" and "Bauertanz" more of the gracefully romantic was apparent than in the starkly symbolical movements of "Revolt," "Derision" and "Hallucinations." In the latter, one sensed the decay of that spirit which was once to the world a flame. The emotional reflection inspired by these modern dances is not a happy one. Too much of defeat is carried in their freedom.

The audience enjoyed the Gerrish recital. Although small, it was an understanding group and Miss Gerrish danced for it with all the intensity she might have lavished upon a larger audience. She is to be thanked for bringing to us dance forms which reflect a high point of human inquiry. An emotional artist of genuine ability and sincerity, her dancing brings with it a portrayal of

feeling which, though it may not be instantly appreciated, is honest in starkness and beauty.

"WHO WOULDN'T BE CRAZY?"

The senior class of the Monterey Union High School will present on the nights of May eighth and tenth, in the school auditorium, the three-act comedy, "Who Wouldn't be Crazy?"

The setting for this play is an insane asylum for mildly insane cases and with this background many amusing complications arise.

The cast is as follows: Lois Meredith, Marion Minges; Jack Marshall, William Krieger; Evelyn Winslow, Mildred Pearson; Edward Gordon, Richard Murphy; Reginald Mortimer, Paul Taylor; Pluribus, George McMenamin; Pendie, Irma Friedman; Inmate No. 1, Coleman Caruthers; Inmate No. 2, Ellanah Greene; Mr. Marshall, Joseph Logasa; Mr. Higgins, Albert Bergquist; McCafferty, Harold Brown; Miss Lavelle, Idras Parker.

All Week beginning May 9

"BILLIE TROTT"
SHOP
AT PINE INN
CARMEL-BY-SEA



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Between You and Me

By THE LAMP-POST

(Written in Santa Barbara, where THE LAMP-POST was sojourning.)

Perhaps for one moment during the eclipse one realised what the sun really does mean to us. The bees stopped; the birds cheeped and twittered, cold and uncomfortable; the humming bird sat, stunned in the jacaranda tree; one went indoors for a coat and felt dumb and chilled. An hour later birds, frogs, butterflies were bright with delight. The pepper waved its leaves. Even the flowers seemed to laugh up at their dear old sun again.

* * *

England is depressing to its inhabitants. Letters from England often breathe a spirit of glumness, "what with bad housing, slums, naval disarmament, graft exposures and so on," as one recently stated. "Man moves imperceptibly and always down," continued this particular letter from an Englishman recently returned from a year in the Colonies. "I was struck in the Museum at Cairo by the sculptures of the XIV Dynasty—about 3000 B. C. I think. The faces were beautifully shaped, full of immense background, refinement and breeding, such as you see very rarely today. I saw it in the faces of the American negroes in the pullmans."

There is not enough sun in England.

* * *

Not only has Santa Barbara some of the loveliest gardens in the West; it is itself a garden, the whole town. Banks of geraniums, walls of rose-climbers, hedges of scented mimosa, and pepper and palm greet the mere outsider who keeps to the road. Flowers have the scent of Italian flowers there and tropical plants mingle

with those that grow in our colder northern climate. Hibiscus, catalpa, bird of paradise, mangoes and loquots, avocados and oranges bloom and bear in any garden; and every variety of cactus and lily. Why do the same flowers have scent in Italy and Santa Barbara and not in Carmel?

* * *

But Society in Santa Barbara has its crosses to bear. There is a Mrs. Child in Montecito, who collects, not chows, nor old porcelain and glass, but yeggs—regular bums and tramps. A part of her land is a "jungle" and the tramps sleep, cook and eat there, rest up after hard trips before going on their way. When the owner has work to do she goes down and tells them to come and work for her—at regulation wages. Sometimes she leaves food for them, an occasional swill of liquor, and again a five dollar note will be found pinned to a tree. Once there was a rumpus, shots were fired and the police took the whole bunch and clapped them in jail. Their protectress, going down for workmen, found her jungle empty. Infuriated, she telephoned the Chief of Police. "By what right do you take my boys away?" she cried, "you send them right back here!" And back they came at once, tramping happily along the railway tracks. The knowledge of this haven has been spread throughout the country and yeggs will tramp from as far as Florida knowing they will find sanctuary in Santa Barbara.

* * *

One wonders what effect the Fox Movietone of a fox-hunt will have on fox-hunters. The fox is spied by the camera, and traced as he tears away through the underbrush, gasping, his tongue lolling, panting, until he can hardly limp, and always followed by the brutal pack. They come up with him, start demolishing him, let him go again, finally close in on him. A pack of hounds, a pack of hunters, all after one little fox. One wonders what the British do with their sense of fair play at a fox hunt. It is a pity that idle Americans could not find something more imaginative to copy from their Anglo Saxon brethren.

* * *

When Jack Black comes to Carmel this Sunday, Carmel will have a treat. Not only is he a fine person and an interesting speaker; he gives a sense that he has digested and refined into wisdom the experience he has had of life. One feels background and tradition in him—even if it is the background of cruelty and torture and the tradition is of loyalty to bums and yeggs and the outcast. However much he has suffered, he is the richer for his life. And he can share his riches.

BACK FROM HOLLYWOOD

By EDWARD KUSTER

Interesting things are happening in the "film capital of the world." Not the least significant of these are the manifestations of the first break in the all-mechanical programs of the great motion picture houses. One by one these are announcing a return to the lavish prologue and other attendant "features." Graumann's Chinese Theatre will reinaugurate elaborate prologue support beginning with May thirtieth, the gorgeous Egyptian Theatre likewise; on June first the huge Pantages house will abandon the all-mechanical policy; Warners', Publix and RKO are setting in motion similar plans for their "de luxe" houses. *Verbum sap.* Animated pictures and phonograph tones filtered through screen mesh are very well in their way, but their way is limited, and the evening is long, and Man as Audience will enjoy no permanent and complete satisfaction in his theatre, it seems, unless Man as Actor stands before him *in persona*.

* * *

An odd development this—that just as the artistry of the talkie flowers forth in those perfect productions, "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End," talking pictures so splendidly done that the last of us conservatives must perforce be won over by them, the public should begin a revolt in favor of "human" entertainment.

Producers and exhibitors talk and write about this reaction as though someone had hit them on the head with a hammer. When they get through walking in circles these glib and shrewd middlemen in the "picture industry" will have discovered what should have been obvious—that there are memories and desires buried so deep in the human heart that only the magic of the actor's presence "in person" can answer to them. Even though that actor be only a poor vaudeville "hooper" or performer upon the lowly accordeon.

* * *

I learn that last week's Carmelite had me purchasing new "sound" equipment in Los Angeles for installation in the Golden Bough. Alas, Gerald Hardy and I know it is not as simple as that. I went shopping for equipment, that is all. Every month, almost every week, important and radical improvements in these devices are announced. Standardized wide film and a screen practically filling the whole proscenium opening may soon banish to the junk-pile all present equipment everywhere. In due time, and soon, the Golden Bough will sprout the very latest type of mechanical devices. Before fall, perhaps.

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The views expressed in signed contributions appearing in The Carmelite should be taken as those of the individual contributors, not necessarily in agreement with the opinions of the Editor.

Let's See Now

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Barney Baruch, President Wilson's financial advisor, is out with a magazine article proposing to put a head on business. He wants a permanent council of the best minds to watch, regulate, direct business as a whole. President Hoover told the U. S. Chamber of Commerce that his emergency plan with the captains of industry to meet and hold up the curve of depression, is a success. A big boast; a bit premature, but he gave figures to prove it and merchants he was talking to should soon know.

§ §

Planning. Philadelphia has formed a fund and a group of financiers, etc., to make the future of that city with a past. It pays to plan. It is disastrous not to. Maybe Soviet Russia will not be the only community in the world to apply intelligence to its growth.

§ §

Our Mayor Heron was poetically impatient with the protest of this column that his offer to do anything we, the people, wanted, was not enough; that he and his colleagues should lead. They were elected to be the head of the community, not only the hands, feet and pants. A head is supposed to give consciousness to a body and the only fun in the position is to go ahead and do things and prevent things, along a line that will develop in us a sense of direction, at least.

§ §

A very hopeless explanation of the lack of community interest in Carmel occurred to me while strolling along some back streets. Peeking through tight hedges, I saw many beautiful little gardens, hidden away out of sight, where you could see some of our best citizens labor and love and care, plot, plan and play, to make their own lovely, mean little heavens all for themselves. No wonder they don't give a whoop for the town. Why think of making a garden of the whole village? Too big, too impersonal. They have, each one, their tiny, secret paradise, which is a gem—you ought to snoop around and see some of them—and, probably, their soul size.

§ §

Prohibition is possible; the laws against drink are enforceable; summary legislation is practicable. This, the biggest

piece of national news of this era, came from here last week when the Federal prohibition officers who have been quietly muck-raking Monterey for months as quietly left us to go on to the next place where they announced that they found nothing to do here and hereabouts. Their hats were off to Monterey. The law was obeyed, prohibition was established, the great experiment is a success here. Well, well, well, so this is success. That the report of the Federal officers did not get the world-wide attention it deserves must be because everybody in the world does not know the conditions here and so are not aware of what successful enforcement of the prohibition laws means. This column stands up to announce that if Monterey Peninsula is an example of prohibition, then prohibition is possible everywhere and we can proceed to pass laws against smoking, necking and stock-gambling, war and every single thing that is wrong. Our theory that we should deal with the causes of evil is the bunk. Yours, that we can wait for the effect and send the cops after the evil-doers, is right.

§ §

Did you notice how, from the very first day, everybody sought for some one to blame and punish for the smothering and burning to death of the convicts kept locked in at the fire in the Ohio State Penitentiary? That is our instinct; that is what founded and filled to overflowing this and all other prisons: our criminal instinct to punish. That is what should be blamed and—cured.

The guard who refused to use or give up the keys to let the suffocating, raging prisoners out of their cells, should have a medal. He must have been sorely tempted to release the poor devils, but he had his orders, he had been taught prison discipline, and he obeyed his chief. And the warden who was suspicious that the fire was part of a plot to make a break, he, too, was a prison-trained officer. He wasn't going to let loose upon society a lot of criminals, not under any circumstances. He truly represented us and our comfort and our fears and our culture. He saved us, at fierce cost, but we were saved from a shock that might force us to think what is wrong about prisons, and at a great sacrifice of self, allowed us to go on looking for who was wrong in this prison. Thought-savers are life-savers. They should be praised.

§ §

No, this column is not written tongue in cheek. It is written not to convince but only to do what thought savers do not do.

A scientific researcher who has been examining the inmates of a penitentiary, came through Carmel last week and was telling how all of the criminals of the one class he had studied had every one of them the same set of symptoms of a common disease. "How does that make you feel about punishing these sick men?" he was asked. He looked up, he looked down, he shrugged his shoulders, then he answered, "It's absurd."

§ §

A fine old lady, with her fine history and character written out in beautiful lines on her beautiful face—one of the most beautiful faces in town—was visibly depressed.

"Why?"

"Oh, it's my mirror," she said.

There's a younger woman here who is wiser, if not so beautiful. She met a handsome young man. He attracted her and she talked to him, drawing him out in conversation. Then she left him and handed down her verdict:

"Handsome, yes, but young. He has no wrinkles either within or without."

Weston, the photographer, who sees it, says he has been tempted to "take" and show us untouched the beauty in some of our old faces as he has in the bark of old trees and the seams of old, old rocks. He should do that. Youth is never so truly beautiful as age can be.

§ §

The eclipse, with its cold, darkened sky and its frightening pall, made one wonder that men ever got over their sun-worship.

§ §

Our water supply and works have been bought by a large outside corporation, who paid for it a price that was not stated, but only described as "a plenty"; it rather staggered the sellers. Whatever the price was, we pay, we the consumers and we are worth it. If the new monopolists will proceed gradually to raise rates on us, they will be astonished themselves at how we will pay. Economists in Europe said during the armistice that the people over there would not, could not pay the interest on the war debts. They do. It's incredible, but they do. There is no limit to the burden people will carry, if the load is put on bit by bit, especially a people like us. The new water company might make an experiment and try it; see how far a monopoly can go before an educated, intelligent community of artists, writers and respectable bums will see that the private ownership of necessities like water and light is not over pocket-wise. Let us pay.

"JONNY SPIELT AUF"

By ANNA CORA WINCHELL

"Jonny Spielt Auf," which has attracted more attention throughout the music world than has many operas of more legitimate mien, was introduced through generous excerpts at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, on the evening of Saturday, May third. The work consists of eleven scenes whose ingredients comprise such diversified qualities as buffoonery, irony, sentiment and even idealism, for the composer, Krenek, most surprisingly reveals that "Jonny" is not wholly without touches of real beauty incorporated in the text, and as he is both librettist and musician, Krenek ties his creative forces in a manner to command a considerable respect.

Hailed to the world as a "jazz" opera, Americans find the European idea of disjointed rhythms to differ from our own. Distinctly, "Jonny" is excellent rag-time, melodious through much of the score and raucous on occasion. Of course the orchestration could be but indicated here, but if ever a piano talked with loud and clear enunciation it did so under the capable and most uncanny fingers of Margaret Tilly. Imagine a station at train time, with the multitudinous whistles of a metropolis, combining with the backing and forwarding of engines! These were present Saturday evening incased within the keyboard.

There were the screams of temper, the hysteria of women, the laughing, inexorable Jonny whose caprices were often Machiavellian but whose victories were undiluted.

Jonny is a full blooded Negro, about whom those of the white race whirl as a rim about the axis. The plot is bold, of course, leaving little to the imagination in the interchange of human nature's whims and devilishness, and even the excerpts were splendidly suggestive; the original score knows no bounds. Impossible of a detailed analysis at this writing, it is sufficient to speak of the musicians and their impersonations which so impressed two New Yorkers in the audience, who had witnessed an unexpurgated exhibition, that they declared story and score to be all compelling in this skeletonized form.

They were, besides Miss Tilly, Rudolphine Radil, soprano, and John Teel, baritone. Miss Radil also read the story from scene to scene, drawing a picture as clear as a photograph, and her voice, dramatic and authoritative, sang from the two characters of Anita and Yvonne. John Teel sang the Jonny role, his volume and tonal quality ideally fitted for the exactions, and his enthusiasms illuminating and delightful. The opera requires, above all, constant and high pitched action. Gentle nuances are so infrequent as to be negligible. Pep, vim, in continuity are the absolute re-

THE CARMELITE, MAY 8, 1930

quisites in this work, and they were never lacking. It is truth to say that the audience, which represented not only Carmel's elite but that of the wide countryside, was on high tension from start to finish, and the attractive auditorium of the Denny-Watrous Gallery was well filled. As an experience, "Jonny" is something novel; as an entertainment, it can scarcely be surpassed; as a work of art it has incited and will continue to maintain many arguments. Krenek has showed peculiar ingenuity, and as an inventor, at least, he is to be respected. Just what was in the back of his mind may never be deciphered, but one who knows at all of the Slavic strain, and individually that of the Czecho-Slovak, recalls the sense of mysticism which dominates for him much of life.

Krenek has been designated and shrieked to the world as a writer of unique, if operatic, "jazz." If he wished to picture to Europe the excesses of "jazz," he has failed in some particulars, and that to his credit. One remembers that rag-time in its glory was melodious, and melody is a frequent occupant of "Jonny's" inspiration. The tremendous orchestral cyclones insert, of course, the sense of discordancy; the piano projected nearly all possible combinations except Henry Cowell's "tone clusters," but Miss Tilly's speedy and ubiquitous digits left no need for elbows.

The surprise to the musicianly hearers was the entrance of the idealistic note in the text. The great glacier to be seen in the stage set of the original opera carries a story of beauty in the making and as evolving man's life to the spiritual. It is cold, clear, pure; Anita, in her great sorrow in being discarded by Jonny, goes to the glacier to throw herself below, but is held by the invisible forces of life everlasting, and her spirit commends itself to the truth that no death can occur and that the individual human must live for all on this sphere—not tear itself asunder in vain result.

The finale shows Jonny, triumphant after a long series of unspeakable escapades, dancing on a clock. As he dances, it disappears. Does he dance time away? Does he show that time is timeless? Nothing remains at the end but Jonny atop of the world. Krenek, in his raucousness to make the world laugh or sneer—he cares not which, inserts food for thought, and if his opera denotes largely a pool of mud, dancing, scintillating though it is, a tiny fragrant bloom also shows its head.

Perhaps San Francisco's operatic governors and impresarios will let us have Jonny's full portrait one season, even though the silhouette is excellent.

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"THEY ALL GO ORF THEIR 'EADS"

A One-Act Play by WILLIAM JOHNSTONE

Cast—Attendant of Modern Art Room;

Visiting Artist, who pretends to know nothing about art.

Time—Afternoon.

Scene—Modern Art Room in Tate Gallery, London. Pictures on the walls by Cezanne, Gauguin, Vincent van Gogh, Degas, Seurat and Picasso. The guardian stands with official dignity, all dressed up with gold braid, medals and buttons, looking at nothing in particular.

A weary artist sits on the bench, after having enjoyed the pictures, and having nothing at present to do, catches sight of the attendant—and a devilish look flashes across his face.

The artist rises, approaches the attendant.

Artist (pointing to the picture by Cezanne): But is this supposed to be good?

Attendant (with conviction): It ain't wot you or oi sais it is—it's wot them crytics sais. When oi was young and we used to p'int, it 'ad to be loike the plice, an' it 'ad to 'ave detile. Now-a-days there ain't no detile an' it don't have to look loike the place. But it ain't wot you or Oi thinks it is, it's wot them crytics sais.

(Going up to Cezanne) See this pinting 'ere? You couldn't buy that pitcher now. But when 'e was alive, you could 'ave got it for nothin'. If that 'ere pinting was put up at Christie's it would make fifty thousand pounds. Now, when Oi was young an' used ter try to pint, you knowe, Oi would sit by my winder an' try ter pint streets and try ter put in all the winders an' all the flowahs that was on the winder sills, and all the detile to make it look loike the plice. But now-a-days there ain't no detile.



D' you knowe, the upper ten now-a-days, they wouldn't 'ave a pinting that looked like the plice. Come 'ere and look at this pinting. You can see those little blue strowkes, and green strowkes an' red strowkes—but you can't see no detile. Now come right back 'ere (going out in the middle of the room): Now don't you see the detile, the dandelions, the disises?

Artist (shaking his head): No, I can't see any details.

Attendant (disgustedly): Well, you'll have to come again and again, and then you'll learn to see the detile, 'cause it's there.

Artist (turning to Seurat): And what about this one?

Attendant: Well, that's 'o you knowe 'is pinting; 'e puts 'is on with spots, an' this chap 'ere, 'e puts 'is on with strowkes. See, 'is is little strowkes 'ere, little strowkes there—all them little strowkes. Now 'is is spots—see all the little spots—that how you knowe the difference.

Artist (turning to famous "Sunflower" painting by Vincent van Gogh): And what is this supposed to represent?

Attendant (in a whisper): You cawn't say much about him, 'cause 'e was a kind of nut—'e went orf 'is 'ead. 'E went out and shot 'imself. 'E was all right at the start, you knowe, but 'e got fussin' and fussin' with them pinta—and orf 'is 'ead 'e gows. You knowe, they all go orf their 'eada. Now, there was this chap Simma, 'e was a nice sort of a chap—saeed to come 'ere every day. 'E used to 'ave a nice suit, collar an' tie, an' 'is 'air was cut nice, and Oi said, 'Good mornin', Mr. Simma,' an' 'e used to say 'Good mornin'.

You will see a nice pinting 'e did when 'e was a young man—in the other room—with lots of detile. But wot does 'e do? 'E gets fussin' and fussin' with them pinta, an' 'e goes out in the country an' drowns 'imself. That's wot 'e does. Orf 'is 'ead 'e goes. (Confidentially): They're all all right at the start, but they gets fussin' and fussin' with them pinta. It's only a matter of toime—they all go orf their 'eada.

Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

(Continued from last week)

I'll run back East a bit before I tell you a little about the inadvisability of being stranded in Colorado, Utah and other points West.

Remember that opera company that was closed in North Adams, Massachusetts, for good and sufficient reasons? Closing isn't so bad, but closing at the beginning of the summer is tough. Do you know what it means, without a "bean" in your jeans and not a chance to work for three months? Don't learn. Don't be curious and try it.

The comedian, Joe Standish, the sou-brette, Margaret Whittier, and myself decided that there "was gold in them thar hills"—well, maybe not gold, for it was the Berkshires we were in, but jewels and some silver, anyway.

Yes, later I owned (and still do) a farm, and I say right now in open meet-

ing that we were optimists when we thought we could extract even nickels from the natives in some sections of the Berkshire hills.

But we were young. It's great to be young and unknowing. We played around the borders of Massachusetts and New York till even the thirty dollars which was our combined capital after pawning wardrobe and a watch, was gone. The landlord of the hotel in Schuylerville was a former sea-captain—roared every time he spoke, and in every speech lay a good hearty sailor-man's oath. Lord! but he was a rough party, and we could feel the damp of the jail that he would throw us into for trying to "beat a hotel."

With inward trembling I coughed and faltered when I approached the subject of letting us move to the next town without paying the bill, for our gross receipts the night before left less than a dollar after paying the hall rent.

The old pirate looked at me hard as I released the story, then roared:

"Why, blank, blank, blankety-blank, you don't suppose I'm fool enough to think you could pay me do you? Young feller, you run along and don't worry none about the bill."

It seems that I sang a song, a comedy patter song, "The Irish Jubilee," and Standish sang a song, "There Are Moments When One Wants to be Alone," that tickled him pink and made him, as he said, "laugh more than he had since

he became a landlubber." The lovely old scoundrel—I patterned some of my characterization of "Captain Williams" in "Paid in Full" after him, years later. Here's to you, Blustering Buccaneer of the Berkshires.

The three of us did sketches, songs, dances and scenes from the operas we knew, and the show wasn't bad at all.

The town after Schuylerville was Caldwell, New York, a summer resort. The local piano player was a corker; the first night we played to almost fifty dollars, the second night to almost one hundred dollars, and from that time on we were never broke. We did well that summer, and landed in New York later with plenty for each of us.

The comedian, Joe Standish, was a real comic and could get laughs out of ordinary stuff as few were able to. Later Joe became a featured player in the burlesques of Weber and Fields on the road, playing Lou Fields parts. He is now a manager up in New York state, I believe. A staunch friend, a fine companion, and a darned good actor was Joseph W. Standish.

The lady, Margaret Whittier, was clever but never went far on the stage. Two years later she married, and at last report, was the mother of six fine productions.

There was another affair that fits in rather well here.

I had been out with a rather short-lived summer "Rep" up in northern New York, and when the inevitable bust came three of us decided to keep on to get money enough to get back to New York. Our first stand was Lyon Mountain, up near Plattsburgh. We did songs, imitations and sketches, and had a good house. They liked us and wanted us to stay another night or two. We had given them the best we knew, and—hoping to get by without being killed—we stayed and put on the play "Kathleen Mavourneen," a classic Irish melodrama and a great favorite everywhere. This was about as cold a piece of nerve as any actors ever pulled.

Remember, there were only three of us. Let that settle in your mind a while, and then get this: 'KATHLEEN HAS A CAST OF SIXTEEN CHARACTERS. We had all played in it many times; knew every line of it.

There were only two female parts, and they were a legitimate double; but the male parts were a puzzle. The big trouble was in the act when the murder was done, and in that I played "Terrance," the one accused of the murder, "Black Rody," who does the murder, and "Bernard," who is killed.

The lights were half-down when I play-

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ed the opening scene of the act, a comedy scene between "Black Rody" and his mate, "Red," who was played by our lady, Evelyn Mason. In that scene, "Bernard" engages the two to abduct "Kathleen" and kill "Terrance." I leave the stage, and while the scene is closing, dash around on the other side, take off the beard of "Rody," change my coat, and as the other two make their exits, I come on as "Terrance" and do a soliloquy and exit. Lights very low. In comes "Kathleen" looking for "Terrance"—scene between "Bernard" and "Kathleen"—(one of those "I'll win you yet, me proud beauty" things) "Kathleen" exits.

"Bernard" is left on the stage all alone. Enter the two murderers—Evelyn and myself—and mistake "Bernard" for "Terrance" and kill him. That is, we have a terrific struggle and work our way offstage. Struggle continues while "Bernard" is changing into an English officer; I back into "Terrance" and the other murderer into the beautiful heroine. "Terrance" enters just as "Bernard" (offstage) tells himself (as the officer) that he has been killed by "Terrance." Enter the officer, arrests the hero, a big protesting scene by the entire company—curtain.

At one place in the early part of the act I put on "Bernard's" hat, coat and moustache and fake a short solo scene in order to give "Bernard" time to get into "Black Rody's" make-up and do a comedy gagging scene with "Red." We had to stretch the show out somehow.

The next act clears up the affair and everyone is happy.

Eugene Frazier was the other man in the company and after the final curtain said, "That Southbridge game won't be a marker to what we'll get from this mob after the show." "Gene was a classmate of mine at academy and referred to our last game of football with Southbridge Academy in which the enemy almost ruined 'Gene, Charley Morris and myself.

When we arrived at the tavern where we stayed, a crowd was waiting for us. Shouts of welcome. "Have a drink" from half a dozen. We were told the show was great, "as good as anything they ever saw," which, of course, meant nothing; they never had had a play at Lyon Mountain before—but there had been two magic lantern shows.

The surprise came when it was agreed that our second show was far better than our first one. Can you beat it? We played to almost seventy dollars for the two nights, and decided to keep on working toward New York. We had a very nice summer, thank you.

(To be continued.)



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CIGARETTES,
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MANAGED BY W. J. WILCOX

The Garden

Conducted by ANNE NASH and
DOROTHY Q. BASSETT, of
the Garden Shop.

MAY PLANTING

"The time to have flowers is when other people don't." This rule holds for the home grower as well as for the commercial grower. It's easy enough to have your garden full of flowers during April, May and June. But then come the driest summer months when, unfortunately, most of us rest on our laurels and fail to realize till too late that there is nothing coming along to take the place of the early blooms. It would be an interesting test some year to judge gardens in August instead of in May. That would be the real test of any gardener's ability to control his growing season.

Now is the time to get in seeds for that late-blooming, so necessary if your garden is to show anything but dried stalks and seed pods a few months from now.

Many annuals can be planted during May. (Perennials planted now will, of course not bloom until next year, and as many of these will bloom just as soon if the planting is postponed until late summer, it is better not to give space to them now,—foxgloves and hollyhocks, for example.

The following list is of the most valuable annuals, which, if planted now, should give an abundance of bloom from August till the first of the year:

Aster

California Giants, a large branching variety.

Single or Southcote Beauty, excellent for cutting.

Calendulas

Candytuft. New colors are making this attractive.

Clarkia

Chrysanthemums. The annual sorts are easily grown from seed and are most valuable for cutting, lasting a week or longer.

Cineraria

Cabaea

Cornflower. The double blue is most satisfactory.

Cosmos. Besides the well known kinds, Klondyke, dwarf, with orange yellow flowers is valuable for late bloom.

Cynoglossum

Didiscus, Blue Lace Flower

Gaillardia

Godetia

Gypsophila

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Larkspur

Linaria

Marigolds

Nemesia

Pansy

Petunia

Phlox

Scabiosa

Schizanthus

Stock (Summer)

Sweet Pea

Zinnia

**GARDEN CONTEST
REGISTRATION**

(From the Garden Section of the Carmel Woman's Club)

May fifteenth will be the last day on which gardens can be registered for the Carmel Garden Contest.

Gardens will be judged the third week in May so there are still about ten days in which to prepare for the contest.

Gardeners are reminded that the judges will count fifteen per cent. for General Upkeep. Be sure that your garden is well weeded, that any dead branches, vines, flowers, or flower stalks are cut off, that the paths are neat, and that all rubbish has been properly removed. If you have a compost heap it should be looking neat. See that the street approach to your property is worthy of your garden. An untidy street front would prejudice any judge, no matter how neat the garden.

Give your garden plenty of water. Cultivating now will still bring results in added vigor to the plants. Besides, cultivating always gives a garden the appearance of being well cared for.

There is not much which can be done now about the composition and arrangement which will count for twenty-five per cent., but shrubs and trees, their condition and amount of bloom, will count for twenty per cent., and there is still time to spray shrubs and trees if they are diseased or infested with mealy bugs, aphids, etc.

The perfection and amount of bloom of perennials and annuals will count for twenty per cent. Poison the slugs and snails now and the leaves and petals will not be riddled with holes ten days from now.

Maintenance will count twenty per cent. if the work is done by the owner, five per cent. if a regular gardener is employed.

The public is invited to visit the contesting gardens after the judges have made their decisions. The list of contestants, their addresses, and the hours during which the gardens will be open to the public will be published next week.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR, MAY 8
NUMBER 10

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JO SCHOENINGER *Editor*
NORMAN BAYLEY *Associate Editor*

EDITORIAL

Rain. How much nicer everything looks after it rains. Some think that rain is to be dreaded, but there is nothing like a real nice, quiet rain. If the wind is blowing, it is not so good. However we think that if you go into the library when it rains, you will forget the wind. On rainy days there is usually a fire burning in the library and if you sit on the hearth and read a "Life," "Carmelite," "Pine Cone" or what have you, it is astonishing how cozy and comfortable it is.

The Editors.

The code for this week is:

D. H.—David Hagemeyer
D. C. L.—Danny Lockwood.
J. S.—Jo Schoeninger
N. B.—Norman Bayley
D. W.—Dexter Whitcomb
P. K.—Pat Kennedy.

SCOUTS

On Thursday, May first, the Carmel Boy Scouts held their regular meeting. The meeting started by having a drill. We had a lecture from Mr. Warren and the regular business. Following that, was a game of O-Grady and Freeze. The discussion of hikes was brought up and the meeting was adjourned.

P. K.

AFTER THE SINGING

After a group of stirring Nahavho and Pueblo songs, Tony Lujan asked the children to step up to the stage and learn the war dances. So we went up and he drummed and sang while we danced around him. He sang a few more songs and said that was all, however we went up back stage and he had everybody do the war dance around him. It was piles of fun for all, including the grown-ups and the children.

J. S.

THE MOONS THE NORTH WIND'S COOKY

The moons the North Wind's cooky.
He bites it day by day,
Until there's but a rim of scraps
That crumple all away.
The South wind is the baker.
He kneads clouds in his den,
And bakes a crisp new moon that
greedy North Wind eats again!

Vachel Lindsay

MIRACLES OF SUNSET SCHOOL

Believe it or not, Bill Veach came
down to Robin Hood practice.
Believe it or not, Dexter Whitcomb
won a marble.
Believe it or not, Yoshitaka Mio-
mota can kick a soccer ball the
length of the north play.
Believe it or not, Takahasa Mio-
mota can jump a hurdle without
knocking it over.
Believe it or not, Bub Fox can
pick up a five pound shot.

D. C. L.

BASEBALL

There was a baseball game at the Sunset School field, between New Monterey and Carmel. It was a wonderful game for the Monterey boys because they defeated us with the score of eight to four. There was a Junior League game. We beat them by a score of six to seven. It sure was a close game.

D. H.

SUMMER IS ICUMEN IN

A little over a month of school and then vacation starts, which means swimming, hunting, fishing, picnics, and all the other joys of life. We are sure that every boy and girl will do justice to this summer vacation.

N. B.

MAY FESTIVAL

On Friday, May second, the children of Sunset School held an old English May Festival. Every child in the school took part in some way. It is estimated that from six to seven hundred attended. The performance started by the two buglers. After that the procession of Queen Elizabeth and her court came, headed by the Court Fool. They were interrupted by a lot of colorful and lively children who came to crown the May Queen. When they saw the Queen of England, however, they stopped, but the court fool told them to come on and perform for the Queen. So then they proceeded to sing songs, dance, play games, etc. Robin Hood did his part and the whole thing ended by having three May Poles with colorful streamers. We all hope that it will be repeated next year.

J. S.

THE PELICAN

At Sunset!

The long wavering lines of pelicans
play Follow the leader,
Until darkness falls.
But at sunrise,
They gather fish to stop their noisy
young.
Then they gulp fish the rest of the day.
Untill tis time to play.

D. W.



CUT FLOWERS *for* MOTHER'S DAY

GIFT PLANTS

Sunday, May 11



ROSES - PANSIES
HYDRANGEAS -
FERNS - GLOXINIAS
CORSAGES -
- - - - POTTERY

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SUNDAY DINNER
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JACK BLACK

SUNDAY EVENING

DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY